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DUDLEY CHASE SMITH, 1833-1920.

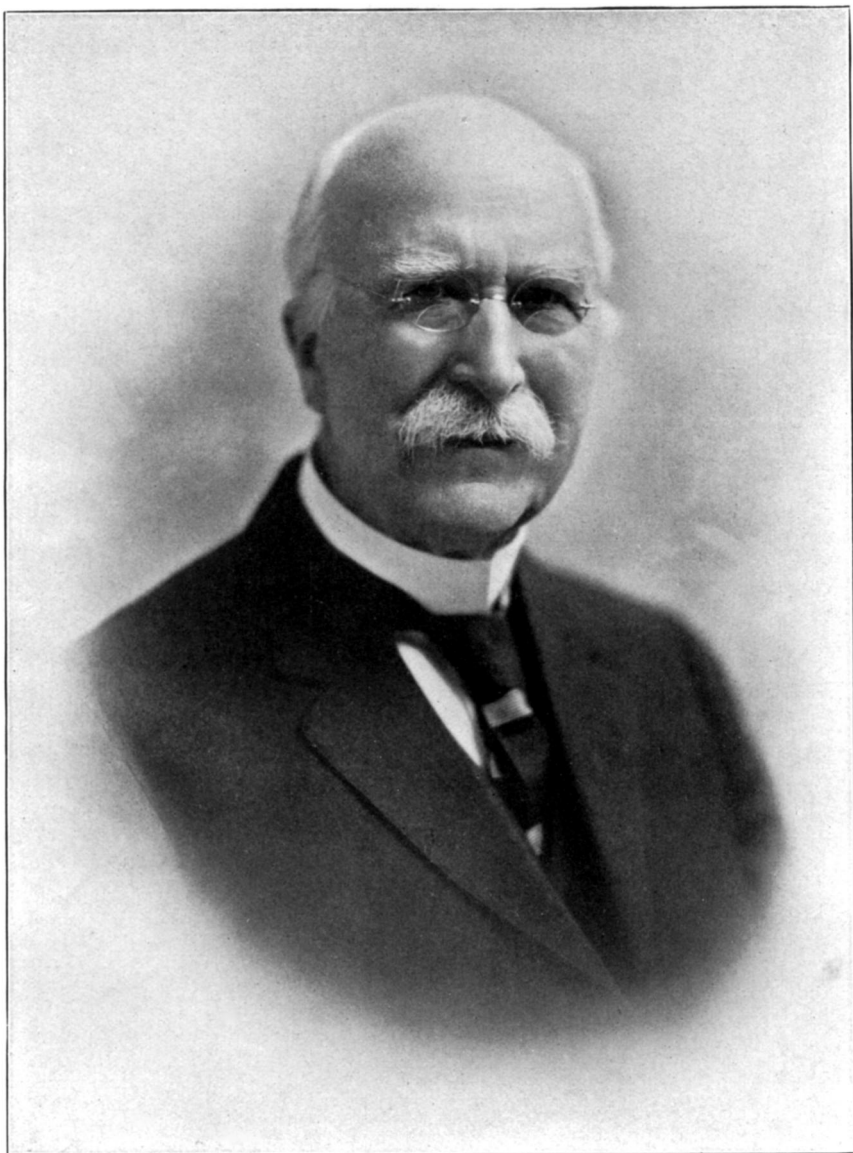
BY GEORGE D. CHAFEE.

The story of the life of DUDLEY CHASE SMITH is the story of an idea imparted to a wide-awake boy at a juncture in his young life when his blood was fresh, when his mind was seeking the channel that opened into the enchanted ocean of experience.

His ancestors on his father's side had the Pilgrim blood, and his mother's ancestors were those who, seeking room, freedom and adventure, settled in the wilderness of Kentucky. His father, Addison Smith, was a nephew of Dudley Chase, twice United States Senator and Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont, and of Bishop Philander Chase, the great Episcopalian missionary and college builder. Lincoln's great greenback Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and father of our National Bank, Salmon P. Chase, was a cousin of Dudley Smith's father.

Addison Smith started a newspaper in Dayton, Ohio, which city this year, 1920, gave us a candidate for president. Mr. Smith aided in locating the State University of Indiana at Bloomington. Mr. Smith afterwards, losing nearly all of his property in a venture in salt wells, in 1832 took his little family in a wagon and traveled through the wilderness to Shelbyville, Illinois, and bought the land upon which the northern part of the city now stands. Here, in December, 1833, Dudley Chase Smith was born.

Addison Smith, father of Dudley, taught school, practiced law, and farmed a little. The family grew until there were six girls and one boy. All worked, and the father taught them the beauties of nature, the riches of the Bible and such literature as was then available, Young's Night Thoughts, some of Walter Scott's historical novels and poems, the English Reader, imparted to these children rich food for mind and imagination and established a taste for first class literature.



COL. D. C. SMITH

When Dudley was 12 years of age his father died leaving the mother and seven children.

A short time before this, a man named Joshua L. Dexter came to Shelbyville from the State of Maine and started a store, which now would be called a department store, where everything wanted could be had except alcohol. At that period whisky was retailed at 15 cents a gallon and no license was required to sell it. It was sold the same as sugar and salt, and a majority of the people seemed to think it was necessary. But Mr. Dexter was from the state of Maine and believed as did his successors Roundy, Lufkin and Smith, that it was a dangerous poison that stole away the brains and ruined those who drank it. A dwelling house with sheds and a lean-to, housed the merchandise.

General William Fitzhugh Thornton, afterwards the first President of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, had a similar store across the street.

These merchants bought all the produce the settlers had to sell and hauled by wagon or drove the stock on foot 85 miles to Alton or St. Louis, as no railroads were built until 1855. Nearly all the business was done on a Christmas credit, real money, even to pay taxes, was hard to get.

Mr. Dexter later married Sarah Smith, next to the oldest of Addison Smith's children, and took a fatherly interest in the boy Dudley.

The Mexican War was over, the soldiers were selling their land warrants at from \$25 to \$150 or taking the government's gift of 160 acres of land and settling the prairie state rapidly. Business was lively and profits great.

In 1849 gold was discovered in California in such quantities as to inflame the heart of every boy and man to dare the unknown dangers across the Indian infested and pathless wilderness to and beyond the Rocky Mountains. Young Smith was wild to go, but his wise and loved brother-in-law had a heart-to-heart talk with him; called his attention to the fact that he was the only man of the family, with a widowed

mother and sisters, and that his duty was to stay with them and aid in their support. He promised the boy that, if he would push the farm that year, he should be taken into the store. Then it was that the idea, the compelling idea of duty and care of his mother and sisters was burned into the boy's heart, and it was the master thought of his after life.

When he was 17 (Mr. Dexter having died) Dudley borrowed \$5,000, his character being his only security, and formed a partnership of Roundy, Lufkin & Smith, each a brother-in-law of Mr. Dexter. Smith became the credit man and collector and got his knowledge of the legal part of it from Samuel W. Moulton, a very accurate lawyer whose office was in the next building to this store. Moulton as member of the Legislature became the father of our common school Law of Illinois in 1855, and in 1857 he introduced a bill founding the State Normal School at Normal. It was in this store that young Smith learned the art of selling goods, for Joshua L. Dexter and Charles D. Lufkin were experts. He also learned the technic of making notes, mortgages and deeds and securing the payment of store debts, which often ran from one to ten years, before being paid. There was no limit to interest which ranged from 10 to 25%, and he learned that compounded it grew like a wet snowball rolling down a hill. All goods were sold at an enormous profit.

In Dudley's lifetime he witnessed the values of farm land jumping from \$1.25 to two, three and even \$500 an acre. About thirty years ago he saw that God was not making any more land and the human race rapidly multiplying, he turned his attention and capital into the purchase of land. By these methods he laid the foundation of the wealth he accumulated.

In 1920 the world was in a state of upheaval; chaos seemed to struggle for control; sane men rendered insane by the lure of ambition were trying and are still trying to re-map the world, trying to move the landmarks of the earth, trying to wipe out and annul all the fundamental rules that wise men have for generations prepared from the experience of

time. Holy writ was declared frivolous, the Lord's Prayer ignored or forgotten, the Declaration of Independence regarded as flamboyant rhetoric, the Constitution of the United States no longer regarded as the Palladium of our civil liberties but declared to be outgrown and obsolete.

In a juncture like this it seems wise to review the life of one of Illinois' best citizens, who has passed into everlasting silence, and try to acquire such lessons from it as may solace our memory of him and encourage those who remain. Such a review may tend to aid the young now with us and those who come after us in some of the arts of right living. A few minutes story of such a life of earnest steady, persistent, economical effort, may teach others that success in life does not come by accident nor to profligate spendthrifts and slackers.

Chance and accident, luck and pluck, as well as reason, judgment and careful forethought, are forces that must not be overlooked in shaping the destiny of a man.

Nature recognizes a great divide, not only in great things but in small. The rain that falls on the mountain tops may go east or west, north or south seeking the great ocean level.

Except for General Braddock's fool-headed persistency in the method of making war upon the French and Indians and refusing to take the advice of a young native lieutenant who afterwards became General George Washington, he might not have been defeated in the battle known as Braddock's defeat, and General Washington might not afterwards have been known as a great warrior and the greatest of statesmen. Except for a small Jew learning of the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, having a horse at his command by which he made a race from Brussels to the seashore, reaching England before the knowledge of the victory was known to the financiers of London, the Rothschilds might not have become the financial monarchs of Europe.

Mark Twain in his humorous way tells a story of an im-

possible accident of a shark swallowing a man in the harbor of Liverpool in 1870. This man had a copy of the London Times in his pocket, and the shark being caught in the harbor of Sidney three days later, resulting in Cecil Rhodes becoming one of the greatest and richest men of all times.

In every man's life events occur, over which, at the time he had no control, yet, when looked at from the heights of following years, it can be seen that that little thing really shaped his life.

Taxes are not usually supposed to be an interesting subject. They are reputed to be as certain as death and most people have some experience along that line.

About 1868 or 1869 Colonel D. C. Smith, then a prosperous merchant of Shelbyville, concluded to make a tour of Europe. While he was gone, the assessor of the town in which he lived, probably intending to do his duty, made an assessment of Smith's property. The Colonel's politics, and his activities in the Civil War, were not in harmony with the politics of the assessor and officers of his county, and probably the assessment was made much higher against the Colonel than it was against other citizens supposed to be much more wealthy than he.

When he returned from his trip and learned what had been done, failing to get the matter adjusted along the lines of equality and justice as he believed, he paid the tax and then and there determined that he would never pay another personal tax in Shelby county; shortly after that he removed himself, his personal property and his sister's family to the County of McLean. By this means Shelby county lost the revenue which otherwise would have stayed within its borders; and when fifty years is considered, the aggregate is very large.

Shelby county also lost the enterprise and push of a man whose brain and brawn were ever active along the lines of business.

As an afterclap, thirty years after, at a time when

Colonel Smith was disabled by an accident for several months, the Board of Review of Shelby county, which under the law at that time clothed three officers with some remarkable powers, overriding the law of the State, which provides that in assessing intangible property it should be assessed in the township in which the taxpayer lives, again made a wrongful assessment on him. After making an investigation such as they thought justified them in doing so, they undertook and carried out an assessment upon his property, of nearly \$30,000. The matter was explained to the Board of Review and facts shown them proving the assessment unjust and illegal. Notwithstanding the facts, a record was made and the revenue officers ordered to assess and collect the unjust tax.

His attorney at the time, after explaining the situation to Mr. Smith, enjoined the officers from further action, and the matter was threshed out in the courts. The Board of Review learned the elementary principle that personal property follows the person of the tax payer.

As an incident and a result connected with this subject the records of McLean county show that no citizen of that county was ever more conscientious than Mr. Smith in returning his property for taxation.

During the last ten years Colonel Smith has paid into the treasury of McLean county in the town of Normal where he resided \$147,994.62, aggregating nearly one-half of personal tax for each year. This does not include taxes on real estate or bank stock.

It is a noteworthy fact that Normal township has 36 square miles of fine land, a beautiful city and presumably many wealthy citizens. One of the county officers has stated, over his signature as County Treasurer, a very complimentary fact, saying:

“Col. D. C. Smith was a great and good man, living honest and true to his convictions. He was loved by all McLean county people that knew him. He had his heart in

his town, county, state and nation. If there was a hundred per cent American in our nation it was Colonel D. C. Smith of Normal."

Notwithstanding the fact that this sketch of Col. Smith's life must be brief, we must not omit to mention his military experience.

He heard Abraham Lincoln discuss the question of slavery and the extension of it into the territories with Judge Anthony Thornton at Shelbyville in 1856, and in his after life the Colonel thought that he could quote almost accurately what Mr. Lincoln then said.

The country in 1860 was very much excited concerning the election of a president of the United States. The Democrats nominated three candidates, Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, John Bell of Tennessee and John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, and two other candidates were running on independent separate tickets. Abraham Lincoln was the choice of the Republican party.

Col. Smith, though not a politician, was very much interested in the result and did all he could in bringing the success of the Republican party. In March, 1861, he attended the inauguration of the President at Washington, heard the famous inaugural address; saw Stephen A. Douglas, the little giant as he was called, one of Lincoln's life long rivals volunteer to hold Mr. Lincoln's hat on that occasion.

In March and April several of the southern states seceded; a provisional confederate government was started at Montgomery, Alabama, and on the 13th of April, 1861, the Confederates at Charleston commenced the bombardment of Fort Sumpter which commanded the harbor at Charleston. Mr. Lincoln then issued his first proclamation and called for 75,000 volunteers to enforce the laws and protect the property of the United States.

Col. Smith at once volunteered and subsequently was elected Lieutenant of Company B of the 14th Illinois Volunteers, and was commissioned by Governor Yates on April

26th, 1861. On August 15 thereafter he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and in February, 1862, was made Captain of his home company.

To portray a little of the conditions at his home town, there was a general rumor that the anti-war Democrats and Copperheads would not permit Company B to leave Shelbyville; but, on the day of their departure all of the friends of the government, and there were many war Democrats, came to the depot to see their sons, friends, lovers and others go to war. Company B was a part of the 14th Regiment. Col. John M. Palmer, afterwards United States Senator and Governor of Illinois was the first commander. Palmer was succeeded in his office of Colonel by Cyrus Hall of Shelbyville. Afterwards Hall became a Brigadier General.

In Smith's service in the 14th Illinois he associated with General Vetch and General Stephen A. Hurlbut, and General Walter Q. Gresham, also the Methodist Episcopal Preacher Chaplain Rutledge, all of them now historical characters. Dr. Stevenson, who organized the first Grand Army of the Republic, was surgeon of the 14th Illinois Volunteers, and Dr. N. F. Chafee was assistant surgeon.

Smith was severely wounded in the battle of Shiloh. In those days the pistols used by the officers had to be loaded with powder, and Capt. Smith carried a copper powder flask in the pocket of his blouse. The ball that wounded him first struck this flask and was, by the emblem of the American eagle, deflected in such a way as to save his life. His regiment was also engaged in the siege of Vicksburg and several other battles, one known as Hell on the Hatchie, and in several attacks on Corinth and in other battles in northern Mississippi. His brother-in-law C. D. Lufkin, who stayed at home and attended the firm business, died in May, 1863, and Gen. Grant, by T. S. Bowen, accepted Captain Smith's resignation. After he came home and arranged his business so that it could be left, he raised a regiment numbered as the 143rd Illinois Infantry, and Richard Yates, Governor, and O. M. Hatch, Secretary of State, issued him a commission as Colonel. The

regiment was discharged at Mattoon on December 26, 1864. Among the Colonel's papers is a certificate of thanks from Abraham Lincoln, President, and Edward M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and this certificate contains among other things these complimentary words:

"On all occasions and in every service to which they were assigned their duty as patriotic volunteers was performed with alacrity and courage, for which they are entitled to and hereby are tendered the National thanks through the Governor of their State."

In the Colonel's service in the 143rd regiment, he was assisted by Lieutenant Colonel John P. St. John, who afterwards became Governor of Kansas, and was a candidate on the Prohibition ticket for President of the United States.

Col. Smith and Gov. St. John were bosom friends to the time of the death of the Governor, and were companions in extensive travels over the States of Kansas, Texas, and Colorado; Col. Smith being a good judge of real estate made numerous investments in the State of Kansas and employed Gov. St. John to manage these investments.

As commander of his company and regiment he was a strict disciplinarian, not only for the good of the soldiers, but for their general health. It may not be out of place to mention an amusing incident that occurred near Memphis.

One of his soldiers was very fond of liquor and drank whenever he could get it. He was put in the guard-house for 24 hours to cure him of his weakness and to sober him up. He was a wag and stuttered. This occurred about the time Gen. Grant was trying to open up a new channel through the Yazoo River to Vicksburg which was then being besieged. The morning after the soldier was put in the guard-house the Captain was riding into the country and met the soldier with one or two chickens and a small pig, which he had foraged. He saluted the Captain as best he could, then the Captain said to him—"Chris, I thought I put you in the guard-house. How did you get out?"

His reply was a stuttering answer: "Cap, you did put me in the guard-house but I got out through the Yazoo pass."

His wit saved him further punishment.

Col. Smith did not have the advantage of much schooling, and a few months only he attended Jubilee College near Peoria, but he matriculated in the school of hard knocks and obtained the degree of F. E. (Fully Equipped) in the great School of Experience.

Like Lincoln and Oglesby and Horace Greeley and Grover Cleveland and thousands of others, he got a thorough education as he could and when he could. Colleges and universities do not make scholars, but they may be great helps.

Col. Smith rarely misspelled a word, never made grammatical errors, was always logical, like Lincoln he knew a chestnut horse from a horse chestnut.

He had a fine library of the best books, 1,500 volumes. He was daily a close student of the best encyclopedias, with an open dictionary close at hand.

Like Frank Crane he was partial to biography, as well as history, and in his last few years took great interest in Morgenthau's "OWN STORY," and Rothschild's "Lincoln, Master of Men." He was a member of the Illinois State Historical Society and during the last several years of his life one of its directors.

For a busy man he traveled much. He, with his sister, Rie, were with Cyrus Field at Hearts Content when the first telegraph cable was laid across the Atlantic. In 1867 he visited the copper mines of Lake Superior, and afterwards, Alaska, Cuba, Mexico and Europe. He naturally turned to men of reputation and affairs, and was a close friend of Senator Grimes of Iowa, Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, and Col. John W. Foster of Indiana, who was Benj. Harrison's Secretary of State. He also knew Presidents McKinley and Taft, Secretary Wickersham, and among great merchants he was intimate with the first Marshall Field and the members of

the firm of Sprague, Warner & Co. In his late years his intimate home associates were Vice President Stevenson, Hon. James Ewing, Dr. John Cook, Dr. David Felmley, Dr. Theodore Kemp, and judges, lawyers, editors, ministers and physicians.

He verified sacred writ "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before Kings and not before mean men." He knew that putting the clock ahead an hour did not add one minute to daylight.

He never had a walking delegate of any union tell him not to work over eight hours a day, and he did not believe that a slovenly shirk should be paid the same wages as a conscientious workman. He knew that no man who was limited by such rules ever become other than a hewer of wood and drawer of water. With him the time to work was limited by the amount of work to do, and that anything worth doing at all was worth doing well. He was a hard task master, particularly to himself, never at any time shirking or dodging. This characteristic followed him to the end and he believed the philosophy of Miles Standish, "If you want anything done, do it yourself." This was one of the maxims of success.

It was wonderful in his later years how much he could do, and how little he let it interfere with his many social duties.

Ordinarily a man whose wealth had climbed to \$100,000 or half a million, would surround himself with bookkeepers, agents and assistants of all kinds, but Col. Smith had evolved his own system of bookkeeping and kept close tab on money loaned, farms, stores, banks, church, charities, partnerships, each child, the household and other things, so that when Uncle Sam wanted an income tax, or the assessor a schedule, he was ready to make it right, keeping accurate lists of stocks, bonds, notes, certificates, the serial numbers, price paid, interests, sales, cost of farms, amount and price of crops, taxes and improvements. Few men are capable of handling large fortunes; they lack the mental and moral poise. Great fortunes

as a rule only accumulate by long, hard, careful efforts, the effect is to cause a habit to grow and solidify along these lines, until the force of the fortune becomes paramount and dominates the owner, instead of the owner dominating the fortune.

The Midas touch is not an unalloyed blessing, and carries its punishment with it.

The vice of it is, that when firmly grasped, the hold cannot voluntarily be released.

This habit is not so observable where fortunes are in companies and corporations operated by agents and officers.

Col. Smith was not entirely exempt from this compelling influence.

On an occasion like this where we are reviewing the life of one of our citizens and friends, the small details are of more interest frequently than large results. There may be a question of taste in the matter which is presented or the privacy of home or the privacy of a person may be invaded. Yet little things are indicators of those more important.

My idea of a memoir is to give a portrait with all the side lights so that the man shall appear as we knew him. The Colonel's intimate friends and kin were all interested in the annual dinners he and Mrs. Smith gave in honor of his sister, Mrs. Lufkin on her birthday.

She was the oldest of the family and all her life had given her young brother a wealth of care and devotion. She was one of the women more priceless than rubies. One in ten thousand, without fear and without reproach. All loved her. Her only brother delighted in surrounding her with her loved ones and friends and praising her and thanking her for all the past.

They were enjoyable occasions and once every year he read her a poem of his own composing. Critics might find

fault with the meter but they were rich and worthy in fact and devotion, and a credit to the author. I attach one sample which breathes the spirit of all of them :

TO SISTER LUCIA.

On the Eighty-first Anniversary of Her Birth.

Eighty-one, and still as young
As sixty years ago,
And so you've friends and lovers, too
No matter where you go.

Eighty-one, and nimble yet,
No stiffness anywhere,
And graceful as when twenty-one
And just as debonaire.

Eighty-one, and busy still
As when your years were few
And everybody wonders how
You keep yourself so *new*.

Eighty-one, and children cling
To you as long ago—
They cannot think of you as old,
You frolic with them so.

Eighty-one, and all goes well,
And friends from near and far
Today send messages of love
To tell how dear you are.

Eighty-one, and still you grow
In loveliness and grace
And all the Kith and Kin exclaim,
"How sweet is Lucia's face!"

Eighty-one, and life serene,
 And on your brow no frown
 For simple faith assures you that
 God holds for you a crown.

Eighty-one, how sweet to feel
 Your hallowed presence near!
 May God in goodness spare us all
 To meet another year.

It is not enough to say that Col. Smith was a Presbyterian or that he was a generous man, or that he was kind and courteous, or, that he was a clean sober man—he was all that and more. He was ever fair and cordial, showing real interest in all with whom he came in contact, and he had a good memory for faces and past events. He was a man both men and women loved to meet. He was at home with scholars and men of affairs, and was equally urbane with persons of less fortunate station in life.

He liked to joke as well as anybody, and enjoyed the reputation in early life and in manhood of being the life of the company. His cheerful and good spirits stayed with him to the end. He never brooded over failures or accidents. If the matters in which he was interested were not successful he never advertised it, nor expressed regret. He was probably careful that the same thing should not occur again. In his younger days, when relatives or friends made some mistake or failure he used the common expression of Josh. Billings, "Never cry over spilled milk"; and, would occasionally say, "Never mind it, when it gets dry it will rub off." He enjoyed games of skill and memory, such as lagometry, checkers, and crokinole, and true to his spirit, he enjoyed them most when he was winner. He liked a joke as well as a child, but a joke was vastly more agreeable when the other fellow got the hot end.

He was a student, a Bible student, and daily during all his married life he asked God's blessing on all the food he ate.

Daily he read his Bible with his family, and, with the confidence of a little child, thanked his maker for blessings received and asked for care and protection for each of his loved ones; then wife and each child sealed the service with a kiss. A day so begun naturally ran smoothly.

Before his marriage, in his sister's family he learned the children's little grace and often used it at his own table, and in fact it prevails with most of the family connection; and at reunions 30 or 40 voices join in saying:

"Thou art great, O God, and good,
And we thank thee for our food,
From thy hand must all be fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread."

This custom of praying and reading his Bible daily went with him to hotels and on excursions for recreation. He never became too old to be a scholar or teacher in Sunday school. He was a constant attendant and active in all church work. No instrument or device has yet been discovered to weigh or measure the result or effect of such devotion.

He was not dogmatic or disagreeable in trying to force his ideas or practice on any one else. His habits were simple and methodical. He was regular about going to bed and getting up and in shaving and bathing, and was a good dresser. He was abstemious in eating, and good digestion waited on a good appetite. He never drank alcohol of any kind, or tea or coffee; never chewed or smoked tobacco or took snuff. He was not a reformed man—he did not quit those things—he simply *never began them*.

Notwithstanding his devotion to business, he always was alive to social matters and took a lively interest in art, music, literature and kindred subjects. He organized an Art Association among the thriving cities of Illinois.

With a few choice spirits in Springfield, Jacksonville, Lincoln, Decatur, Bloomington and Champaign for many

years this association met annually or oftener to study their favorite topics and developed a commendable taste for civic improvement and a far reaching love for the true, the beautiful and the good.

These meetings introduced and secured for central Illinois a higher plane of thought and entertainment. They were a source of great pleasure and lasting improvement to the members and will be remembered as long as life lasts. Mr. Charles Ridgely of Springfield was the first president.

Colonel Smith was rarely ill, except from accidental injuries; his mind was clear and strong; his body vigorous. He really expected to live to a hundred years, and, except for the shock he suffered, it is probable that he would have reached the goal.

He was generous, not ostentatious. It has been ascertained that in fifty years he gave over \$300,000 to charity and benevolence. He made no boast of it; rarely spoke of any of his gifts. Doubtless much was given that only the recipients know about. In fact he was modest and objected to having anything said about it, and, in speaking of it now, it is a question as to whether or not it would be with his approval. The occasion for concealing these things is past. If it had been known in his lifetime that he was as generous as it now appears that he was, the mail would have been burdened with letters begging for donations to every conceivable thing. This may have been one object in not letting the matter be known; the other probably was the old maxim "Let not the right hand know what the left hand doeth."

I deem it right and proper that the men and women who were interested in his life receive the benefit of a knowledge of these gifts. We are more or less imitative, and many wealthy people hesitate when deciding where to bestow their money.

Personally I am acquainted now with a man worth several millions of dollars, who has no children, and no relatives that

need help. His wealth represents the savings of two generations, and I know from his statements to me that he is very uncomfortable about deciding what to do with his property.

The kind of gifts Col. Smith made are an index to his mind and heart. He felt keenly from experience the need of a chance for education to poor boys and girls. His idea was, that the boy or girl who really wanted to learn would work to get an education.

His gift of \$75,000 to Blackburn College at Carlinville, Illinois, is a good sample of what he thought.

His gift to Berea College in the mountains of Kentucky was to aid the bright children of that region to overcome the many handicaps that cripple and dwarf them in their infancy and youth. His efforts along this line seem to be a reincarnation of the spirit of his father and his Bishop great-uncle.

His numerous and large gifts to the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., McCormick Seminary and Illinois College, Jacksonville, and the churches in Normal, Bloomington, Shelbyville and elsewhere, show clearly that he believed strongly in Christian ideas of help.

His large endowment to the Shelby County Hospital in the name of his father and mother, and to other hospitals with a condition of a free bed for the care of patients not able to pay, is surely worthy of commendation and an example that can well be followed.

Col. Smith on January 2, 1885, was married to Miss Bernadine Orme, second daughter of Gen. William Orme, a lawyer of Bloomington, a brave soldier in the Civil War.

He duplicated his father's family of six girls and one boy. These children are: Marion, married to Dr. Marshall Wallis; Helen P., married to Gresham Griggs; Alice O., a nurse overseas; Lucia L. Charlott, Florence, and Dudley Chase, Jr. Five of these children honored Smith College, Mass., by going there and graduated with honor from that institution.

In 1917 Col. Smith deeded about a section of good land to each of his children and lived long enough to teach them his methods of handling property. These gifts to his children were large and represent seventy years of care, economy and judgment of the highest order, but the legacy which he left them of a spotless life, the master spirit and devoted love of their father remain, and is of more value than all the acres and will grow in value to them as the years roll on.

One of the Bloomington daily papers on the evening following the Colonel's death in an editorial, well expressed the feeling of the people of that beautiful city toward him and will aid in giving to his honored name a permanent place in the history of McLean county:

"Whenever any fund was needed for charitable action or civic welfare the first and best spirit that came to the mind of the committee was Col. Smith. This was his outstanding merit, but not his paramount virtue. His best praise is the resolute character that prospered his life and made his great philanthropies possible.

As a youth he worked long into the night in that Shelbyville store and made those overmeasures to duty which after all are not sacrifice, but only the sure sign of that in an individual which marks him as better than the common clay.

In the springtime of life he had too little of university life, but this all the more whetted his appetite for mental foods. And his extensive travel abroad and his habitual reading all had an educational object, until Col. Smith throughout his maturer years was usually one of the most refreshingly informed in any group. Had his start been different, however, he would likely have gravitated to those pursuits for which his splendid personality, broad views, and aptness of statement fitted him, and Illinois would have been credited with another worth while statesman.

He was a public servant none the less, for his inclinations were patriotic as they were generous. Loyalty to his country

was a part of the atmosphere which he breathed. He invited it in his happy nuptial alliance, in his Civil War record, in his Spanish War devotion, in his supreme zeal throughout the world war; and his glory was that he saw this reflected in his younger kin.

The warmth of his altruism will be missed. The influence of his life will remain."

Rev. W. B. Hindman, his pastor, standing beside his casket, among other things said:

"The memory of the Just is Blessed!

There is but one place to go at such a time as this. It is to the word of God. Anything that man might say would be out of place. We want comfort and strength that is sure and abiding. To him death has simply been an incident in that larger life which he found in the fellowship of the master whom he loved. We cannot mourn for him who has gone. But we sorrow because his gain has been our loss. We shall miss his kindly face, his gentle smile, his helpful words. He lived the complete life and its completeness must be a source of strength to each one of us.

We mark the lapse of time by the vanishing faces of the dead and the hushing of familiar voices, but our sad abstraction is happily broken by the reflection that the day, of which the prophet spoke, has dawned for our fellow laborer 'that day when the Lord of Hosts shall be for a crown of glory and for a diadem of beauty unto His faithful servants.'

He obtained without seeking it, an impressive weight among his fellowmen because of the strength of an unusual and forcible character; a character which never coveted ease, but deliberately chose the steep and rugged path where duty led the way and useless luxury dare not invade. The efforts thus involved were essential to the fibre of his being and through incessant devotion to the daily round he came to his proper upward motion to the higher life where he could not

be swerved from the kingly road that 'way of the just which shineth brighter and brighter unto the dawning of the day.'

Constant ministry shone and was reflected in unmounted grace and thoughtful care.

It was fidelity. In things great and small with exactitude and scrupulous honor, he kept the faith. His profession as a Christian gentlemen did not dissolve into mere rhapsodies; he did not escape the present world and its burdens by postponing essential things to the eternal state beyond. He chose the better part and was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

Conscience and intellect united in him upon one object, the truth as he understood the truth. This attribute was rooted in him and he would not suffer it to be removed whatever else was shaken. His life has been a benediction to all who knew him."

At a memorial meeting of the University Club of Bloomington, President Felmley of the State Normal University of Normal, Col. Smith having been for years an honorary but active member of the club, in a most interesting paper read by Mr. Felmley, voiced the sentiments of the club.

I am impelled here to make a few quotations from that paper:

"In the death of Colonel Dudley Chase Smith which occurred on May 22, 1920, this community lost a man who for more than half a century had been one of its most prominent and highly respected citizens. Although he had not held public office, or been engaged in active business during this period he was widely known throughout the state and beyond its border because of his uprightness of character, his extensive knowledge of men and affairs, his interest in the public welfare, and his liberal contributions to causes for promoting human betterment. His story is the story so frequently found in America, the land of opportunity, the story of a youth of

slender resources rising to affluence and a commanding position by virtue of his pluck, his strength of purpose, and sterling character.

It is of the highest importance to young men and women to know this story and to realize that success in life does not come by accident, and is not achieved by the unworthy. * * *

He was the seventh child and only son of a family of ten. The family lived in a log house in a frontier settlement 80 miles from Alton, the nearest market. The simple home was a hive of industry where every member under the leadership of the mother did his or her part toward the support of the family. The house was a model of cleanliness and order, the children always neatly dressed and well cared for. Some books had been brought from Indiana which were shared with the neighbors, and Addison Smith was unwearied in his efforts to give to his children and to everyone else of his acquaintance the best literature obtainable. * * *

In his private life Col. Smith was simple and unostentatious. Most men of his means with no investments holding them in so modest a community as Normal would have built a residence on some Lake Shore Drive where he might have men and women of equal wealth and social experience for neighbors and associates. Not so was Col. Smith. He was most democratic, fair-minded, and considerate of the opinions of others. I think I have not known any one who valued men more justly according to their worth and with less consideration for the adventitious circumstances of family or wealth or social position. * * *

In what may be called his private and personal life Col. Smith seems early to have settled upon those rules of action that conduce to the great ends of life, temporal existence, and the surest means of happiness, health, fulness of life, length of days, abundance, honor, love, obedience, troops of friends. No intoxicants or narcotics, no tobacco, tea or coffee, through which we pay for the exhilaration of today by cutting off our

tomorrow ever touched his lips. He knew no illness except from his wound at Shiloh and some physical injuries. * * *"

At the church of Col. Smith's mother in Shelbyville, John D. Miller, in a service held in memory of Col. Smith, among other things said:

"It was my happy privilege to assist him in his business over the long period of thirty-one years. Few young men had such expert business training as I enjoyed under him. During all these years, with business perplexities, opportunities for friction and misunderstanding, he ever maintained that even temper and manifested a spirit of kindness, patience and charity.

This was a most remarkable exhibition of a strong and broad mind, and I often thought he would have made a most efficient treasurer for our state or Federal Government.

In all transactions he desired only his dues, but was very accurate in his accounts and affairs.

In addition to his financial ability and business acumen I could but admire him on account of his faith in the verities of Christianity. He told me he believed in the inspiration of the Bible and the Deity of Jesus as the Son of God and Savior of men. * * *"

There is one other phase of Col. Smith's life that should be mentioned.

He was a Republican; he never had an office, never wanted one, but he was deeply interested in township, county, state and national politics and never shirked the duty of voting. It goes without saying that in private conversation and in political speeches he never resorted to vulgar personalities or made specious charges against his opponents or their party. He freely accorded to others what he claimed for himself, freedom of thought and speech on all questions within the law.

Mr. Felmley said of him: "He was one of the little handful of Republicans to stand by Lincoln in his memorable debate with Anthony Thornton at Shelbyville, June 15th, 1856."

He had witnessed the growing effrontery of the slave power during the administration of Buchanan.

Had seen the inevitable conflict coming, and when the hour struck he was ready.

"He took a deep interest in public affairs, like most young men of his day, he was drawn into the Republican party in its early history, unquestionably the party of human rights, and national progress.

In riper years he clung to its best traditions."

He had had experience in war, his blood stained the soil of Shiloh, he had risked his life on the battle field, and the wearing strain of camp and march.

He had seen his comrades fall: He knew of the orphans and widows in the devastated south and all over northern states.

He knew of untold waste and destruction of property and in the great world war that for nearly five years had made the earth one great charnel-house, leaving debt that will take the next ten generations to pay and he naturally used the words of our great Gen. Grant "Let us have peace."

He was a personal friend of Ex-President Taft and he ardently hoped a scheme might be devised that would forever banish war from the world. He cherished the hope that when Mr. Wilson promulgated his fourteen points and declared he was for open covenants openly arrived at, that a solution might be reached. He did not permit himself to criticise the President for personally abandoning the White House and sailing away to Europe, though in talking with me

he said in substance it would have been better to have sent a commission as other Presidents had done. In saying this he voiced the sentiment of a great majority of the people of the United States.

After a long delay of six months, with absolutely no information of what was being done at Paris, when the President for some unexplained and inscrutable reason after reaching home refused to let the United States Senate and the people whose servant he was, see the League, and claimed he alone was responsible for it, Col. Smith wrote me he was all in the dark and could see no dawn.

When after weary weeks of waiting the Senate got a copy and a majority of the Senate, a majority of the Democratic Senators even, refused to adopt it without reservations, the Colonel expressed his idea that the reservations were for the safety and welfare of the United States and he hoped they would be adopted.

Knowing him as I have for 60 years, I am fully satisfied that he would never have risked his home and native land, to that untried, unamended, so-called League of Peace.

In the passing of Colonel Smith the State of Illinois has lost a noble citizen—a man of the pioneer type—loyal to his country, his church and his family.

New occasions call for new men and new ideas. It will be well with the nation if those who succeed him follow the example set them by Dudley Chase Smith.